

## **Blessed 23**

### [Chapter 23 Everything Will Be Okay](#)

Everything will be okay? Ha! If you fail to compensate me two million dollars, I will sleep with those two pretty ladies, and nobody can stop me!

Maison seemed to have overheard Bessie and Trevor's conversation.

At that moment, he licked his lips and looked back and forth between Corrie and Bessie with a lustful gaze.

Bessie trembled like a leaf upon hearing the man's lascivious plan.

She pursed her lips, and she appeared to be a little flustered.

Meanwhile, Corrie took a step back, terrified by Maison's words.

Trevor shut the fuck up. If you hadn't dodged the ball, this wouldn't have happened. This is all your fault!

Huh.

Trevor merely cast a glance at Corrie.

The first time he had laid his eyes on her, he thought that she was sweet and beautiful.

But now, he realized that no matter how beautiful a person was, it was difficult to disguise a despicable soul.

Trevor's disdainful attitude infuriated Corrie.

However, she could only grit her teeth and restrain herself.

She did not want to attract Maison's attention again.

Huh. Let's see about that. I'll break your two legs and see how you're gonna continue to pretend to be calm!

Maison threatened with a look of dissatisfaction.

With such an attitude, he thought that Trevor was not taking him seriously.

He could not let that happen. He must make this lanky boy know who he was!

At that moment, Maison waved his hand.

As if on cue, several brawny men clenched their fists and walked toward Trevor.

Trevor, run!

Bessie shouted anxiously, her forehead beaded with sweat.

Meanwhile, Bernard and Corrie took several steps back and distanced themselves as far as they could from Trevor.

They wanted to show that they had nothing to do with him.

While some were scared shitless, others took pleasure in Trevor's predicament.

To everyone's surprise, Trevor did not flinch, much less move an inch.

He just looked back at Maison calmly.

As a man, I shouldn't flinch. I'd be a laughingstock again if I did.'

Trevor encouraged himself inwardly. He looked completely calm on the surface. But the truth was, he was a little flustered inside.

Maison raised his eyebrows and looked at Trevor. He then lit a cigarette arrogantly and sneered at him.

You brat, how bold of you to—

Before he could finish his sentence, his phone suddenly rang.

He froze on the spot the instant he heard the ringtone.

He had set that ringtone in his work phone specifically for his boss, Evie Sanderson.

He did that to make sure that he would not miss her call.

Miss Sanderson, what can I do for you? I understand... Okay. I'm sorry. I'll immediately do as you say.

His attitude changed in an instant. He even nodded and bowed as he spoke on the phone.

He looked like an obedient worker who was listening to his boss's instructions.

He did not notice that he had dropped the cigarette, which, as a result, burned a hole in his shoe.

He merely took a deep breath when it burned his foot.

The call ended as soon as Maison finished speaking.

The sneer on his face disappeared, replaced by a glum expression. This made everyone at a loss.

Corrie and the others, who were backing to the corner, did not hear the call Maison had just had. They only saw that his expression turned worse.

Only Trevor had an idea what was going on.

Guys, just—